

A Beautiful Reminder

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Summary: Jethro Gibbs is reminded of how short and sometimes sweet life can be. Especially when it involves his redheaded lover.
Jibbs

A Beautiful Reminder

**Disclaimer: **I don't own anything you recognize.

_Warning: __There aren't any really, except the fact that there is no plot what so ever. I am not a doctor so all medical information might be incorrect._

_A/N: __ This story was inspired by a conversation I recently had with a friend. I don't want to spoil the story so you'll have to read it. All grammer and spelling mistakes are mine, I've gone over it a few times, but mistakes always seem to find a way to slip through._

Please Enjoy*

* * *

><p>Several beams of yellow sunlight spilled through the small gap in the curtains, warming the large room. Jethro groaned as the light fell across his face, squeezing his eyes shut he tried to fall back to sleep. Minutes later he growled, annoyed, sleep wouldn't find him again. Rolling over, he glared at his partner who slept soundly.<p>

He touched her hair softly, wrapping a loose strand around his finger, relishing the softness. She shifted a little closer, seeking out the comforting warmth. She stretched slightly causing the covers to slip down to her waist. Callused fingers traced her bottom lip gently.

Jethro snorted, trying to hold back laughter. Jenny pulled her face from the tickling on her lip, causing the thin scar near her hairline to stand out. It caught his eye, his fingers touched the scar tenderly. He racked his brain, trying to remember what she had said happened.

_Jenny Shepard shot down the old wooden staircase, squealing as far as she ran. She stopped in the foyer, her large innocent eyes looking around for the best hiding spot. She heard heavy footsteps starting to descend the carpeted stairs. _

_Jenny held her breath briefly, contemplating which direction to run. Deciding heading to the dining room then the kitchen was the best option, she set off in that direction. _

_She whirled past a scolding Noemi as she entered the kitchen. She smiled at the housekeeper before coming to halt once again. She glanced down the hall. She gasped softly as she saw her father passing through the foyer. She watched as he disappeared, before heading to his study, more than confident that he had searched there already. _

_She tiptoed across the thick carpet, ducking behind the large desk. She wrapped her arms around her knees trying to make herself as small as possible. Jenny breathed deeply trying to catch her breath. Straining her ears, she listened for the heavy footsteps, or the rumble of her father's voice. Two large boots stopped in front of the desk. _

She bit her lip softly, trying to hold back a gasp.

The boots hesitated but then started moving again. Jenny shot out from underneath the desk and shot past her father, laughing at his slightly shocked expression. He set off after her, threatening to catch her.

_Jenny headed towards the living room. She glanced behind her to see where her father was, missing her trainers that lay in front of her. She kicked one shoe across the room, the other causing her to twist her ankle. She saw the floor coming closer. _

Jasper Shepard felt everything slow down as his little girl tripped over her own shoes and barrelled towards the floor. He heard a loud thump. Everything after that seemed to speed up again. He hurried towards his daughter, he saw her clutching her head. She turned around to look at him, her face white and large green eyes brimming with tears. He bent down and pulled her close to his chest. He pulled her hands away, and immediately regretted it.

The corner of the small coffee table had made a large cut near the little red heads hairline. Jasper tried calming his daughter while stemming the blood coming from the cut.

Two hours and six stitches later, eight year old Jenny Shepard had a reminder of why she shouldn't run everywhere.

Jethro shook his head slightly, the first time he heard the story he'd laughed, receiving a glare and a moody red head for the rest of the day. He leaned towards her and kissed the scar softly, mindful not to disturb her. She sighed softly and snuggled closer to him. He

stroked her cheek softly.

His fingers trailed down her arm, dipping underneath the sheets. He rested his hand on her hip, his fingers kneading softly. She moaned quietly causing him to stop. His fingers wondered over her butt, and he couldn't help but squeeze. His fingers continued their journey before coming to a sudden halt. He stroked the sensitive skin.

Jethro closed his eyes, trying to keep the memory at bay.

There was an uncomfortable silence surrounding them, he glanced at her out the corner of his eye. She wringed her hands, he could sense she was nervous. He placed his hand on her knee and squeezed. Her slender fingers wrapped around his wrist and pulled it towards her, lacing their fingers. She tightened her grip, her nails almost biting into his skin.

"_Jen, what's going on?" Jethro asked, eyes never leaving the road._

"_It's nothing. Just cold." Jenny tried to reassure him. He finally turned his head to look at her, his gut told him she was lying._

"_Jen, your gut telling you something?" She met his blue eyes and shook her head. Her better judgement screaming at her to tell him something felt off, that it seemed like a trap._

"_Keep your eyes on the road." She mumbled and turned back to staring out the window._

The cold evening air swept through the deserted streets. Jenny wrapped the leather coat tighter around herself. An uncomfortable shiver ran down her spine, her gut clenching tightly. Jethro stood next to her, hands buried in his pockets. He looked at her critically, ever since her mistake in Paris he'd been wary of her judgment on occasion. He noticed the way she shivered. He wrapped an arm around her, running his hand up and down her arm.

"_Jen, you okay?" Jenny's emerald eyes met his blue ones, she smirked and raised an eyebrow._

"_If I'd known you'd be this caring when we came to Prague, I would have insisted that we could run things from here." Jethro glared at her grumpily._

"_I'm not the one who's scared of a graveyard." His voice was low but she could detect the teasing tone. _

"_Excuse me, but who arranges a meeting in a cemetery?" Jethro looked at her amused, he had to agree the request was strange._

"_A demented Russian arms dealer."_

Jenny jumped at the voice crackling through her ear piece. Jethro snorted loudly, lowering his head, his breath hot on her neck he whispered softly.

"_It's just Deck. No ghosts here Jen." Jenny elbowed him in the

stomach and rolled her eyes. He laughed softly and kissed her cheek, his light stubble scratching her skin softly._

_She pressed herself closer to his side, wanting to steal his body heat. The uneasiness in her stomach was still there, she sighed and wrapped one arm around Jethro's waist. The closeness was nice, it was something she had missed. After she had accidentally shot an innocent man in Paris, Jethro had been distant, he'd once again become her boss instead of being her lover. It's what made her hesitant to tell him that something didn't feel right. _

Jethro nudged her temple softly with his nose, she looked at him questioningly. His blue eyes sparkled slightly, he smiled at her before pressing his lips to hers. She fisted her hand in his coat and pulled him closer to her. She pulled away slightly, their noses still touching.

"_Jethro-_"_

"_Target approaching, he's got two men with him. I've got your six." Decker interrupted Jenny as she tried to tell Jethro she had a bad feeling._

_Jethro pulled away straightening as the Russian approached them. He glanced at Jenny, telling her they'd talk later. She reluctantly let him go. _

She scanned her surroundings spotting the two men Decker had mentioned. They made it no secret that they were armed. Both looked at her as if she was there for show, she glared at them and turned her attention back to the other two men beside her. In the back of her mind she could hear the little voice warning her to tread carefully.

_She listened intently as the two men spoke, catching only a few phrases. She sometimes hated Jethro for being so fluent in Russian, she had always admired the language but had preferred learning French. They laughed and she was slightly pissed that she wouldn't get the joke. _

"_You have my weapons?" The man's accent was thick as he spoke, his eyes running over Jenny._

Jethro pulled a small envelope from his coat pocket, not failing to miss the Russians lingering gaze. The other man held out his hand to take the envelope, Jethro raised his eyebrow. He shook his head and placed the envelope back in his pocket.

"_Payment first." The Russian inclined his head and signalled to one of his men. _

He hurried towards his boss, silver suitcase in hand. He stopped in front of them, popping the case open. Crisp euros stared back at them. Jethro nodded, closed the case and took it from the younger man. He shook hands with the Russian and stepped closer to Jenny, resting his hand on the small of her back. He was ready to leave the cold cemetery.

_Jenny glanced between the two men, she gathered her courage. "Why the cemetery?" Her French accent was impeccable. The man looked at

her his dark eyes gleaming with danger. A sly smile curled his lips as he regarded the red head._

"_I have always had a fascination with death." It was his calling card._

Those simple words caused the atmosphere to shift. Jethro tensed up the hand on her back flying to his holster, drawing his Sig. The Russian smiled arrogantly, his men already had their weapons trained on both Jenny and Jethro. It was too late for her to react, she hoped Decker had picked up on what was going on. Twirling his finger in the air, the Russian indicated that he was in fact done with them.

A shot rang out. One of the men lay motionless on the ground.

_Diving for cover behind a tombstone Jenny pulled the Colt she kept strapped to her ankle. She didn't know where Jethro was or Decker for that matter. Breathing deeply she glanced around the tombstone.

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_Another shot rang out, the bullet flying over her head. She moved to the other side and trained her weapon on the man's chest. Three shots rang out, followed by dead weight hitting the ground. _

"_Nice shot Red. The Russian is still here somewhere so watch your six." Decker's voice buzzed in her ear. _

_Jenny stood, heading towards the trees she'd seen Jethro head towards. Weapon still trained in front of her she glanced around the deserted cemetery. She struggled to navigate between the tombstones. Leaves rustled to her side and she snapped in that direction.

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"_Jen get down!" Jethro shouted, but it was too late. Four shots echoed around the cemetery._

_Jethro rushed towards her. She stared at him as various emotions flashed through his blue eyes, each one confusing her more than the previous one. He stopped in front of her holding her at arms length.

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"_Jenny?" She followed his gaze as he looked at her._

_Heat spread through her leg and she felt the energy drain out of her body. Clutching his arms tightly she slowly sunk to the ground. Jethro held her tightly, his other hand pressing down on her thigh. She cried out in pain. Fear gripped his heart, all the worst possibilities ran through his mind and in all of them ended right here. The cemetery. _

"_Decker!" Jethro shouted, trying to keep his voice steady._

Jenny helped him press down on the wound as best she could but she didn't have enough strength to slow the blood seeping out. Her hands were stained red from her own blood. Jethro rocked her slightly, whispering in her ear. She wanted to answer him, but she couldn't form the words. She touched his face weakly, smearing some of her blood on his cheek.

Jethro watched as her emerald eyes started drooping more and more, her eyes dull, their usual spark gone. He shook her slightly trying to keep her conscious.

"_Jen stay with me, don't close your eyes." Jethro increased the pressure on her thigh causing her to cry out again. She was already starting to shake violently. "Decker!" There was an urgency in his voice, his fear increasing with every passing second. _

_Stripping both his coat and jacket, Jethro pulled his dress shirt over his head, wrapping it around Jenny's thigh. He knotted it tightly, hoping it would prevent her from losing too much blood. He'd already determined that the bullet had missed her femoral artery with a few millimetres, but she was losing too much blood, and the longer they waited the more danger she was in. _

_Decker appeared next to Jethro. He helped him lift Jenny, each supporting her weight as they headed towards the BMW they had used to drive here. Jethro slid into the back seat holding Jenny tightly against him, trying to comfort her the best he could. _

"_Drive Decker we'll get your car later."_

The drive to the small apartment had felt like a lifetime. Jenny was slowly losing consciousness, the dress shirt around her thigh already soaked with sticky blood. Jethro tightened his hold on her, determined to have her survive the whole ordeal. He stroked her hair trying to keep her calm and alert.

_They struggled up the small staircase, careful not to cause Jenny more pain. They burst through the door and headed for the nearest flat surface. _

Laying on the bed, she could feel herself float in the air. She knew the feeling, she was somewhere between awake and unconscious. Jethro appeared in front of her, his blue eyes showing fear for the first time. She wanted to reach out and assure him she'd be fine, but she didn't have the energy.

Decker scurried around the small apartment gathering everything he could. Jethro peeled the soaked shirt from the wound. He wiped it clean with a warm cloth, the blood flow was still consistent. He looked into Jenny's eyes and saw that she was on the verge of passing out. Decker came back into the small bedroom having found everything they needed.

A rolled up towel was gripped firmly between her teeth, Jenny clenched her jaw as Jethro prodded the wound carefully. She felt the sharp edges of the tweezer slide into the hole. Pain shot into her groin before it travelled around her body. She let out a muffled scream as Jethro extracted the bullet imbedded in her thigh.

_He pressed a kiss to her forehead, silently apologising. Hurting Jenny was harder on him than she thought, he'd do anything to make the pain stop. If he could he'd rather take the bullet than watch her suffer as he tried to treat the angry wound. The only thing keeping him sane was the idea that he was helping her, he couldn't lose his control now. _

_Decker passed him the needle with the sutures already in place. He

pulled the wound together and pushed the needle through her skin. She writhed in pain, biting down on the towel. He tried to stitch the wound as quickly as possible. By the time he was done Jenny was almost unconscious. _

_The smell of blood hung in the air. They cleared the bed, removing all the bloodied sheets. Jethro lay down beside her wrapping her shaking body in his arms. He tried his best to keep her warm. Her eyes were still dull in colour, but the lack of blood made him feel slightly better. He kissed her lips softly, a promise that he'd be by her side when she woke up. She closed her eyes, her breathing shallow. _

When he was sure she was asleep and that Decker had gone he'd pressed his lips to her ear.

"_I love you Jenny."_

His eyes snapped open.

He'd been close to losing her that night. He didn't believe in luck it was too much like coincidences, but that night he had thanked whoever was watching over them, that Jenny hadn't died. The slightly imperfect skin reminded him that she was only human, a woman underneath her hard and stubborn exterior.

Jethro licked his lips. He could still smell the heavy scent of all the blood that night. He rubbed his nose violently, willing the smell to go away. He gripped Jenny's thigh and pulled her flush against him. Holding her for a while. It was reminders like these that kept him awake at night. Reminders of those he'd almost lost, those he'd saved and those who had died.

Jenny pressed her hands against his chest, willing him to loosen his grip. She sighed, irritated at his sudden clinginess. She rolled away from him towards her side of the bed. The tank top she wore had ridden up to her midriff, revealing her smooth skin. Jethro moved closer, if he wasn't going to sleep-in neither was she.

He splayed his hand over the small of her back, tracing her spine softly. She grabbed his hand and pulled his arm around her, holding it tightly against her stomach. He knew she was awake, probably had been since the moment he woke up. He buried his face in her hair, inhaling the unique smell. She loosened the grip on his wrist slightly.

Jethro propped himself up on his elbow leaning over Jenny. He watched her breathing softly. He stroked the skin on her stomach, tracing the thin white lines.

_He burst through the glass doors , followed closely by five other individuals. He came to a halt at the front desk. He gripped the edge tightly, his heart pounding in his ears. _

"_Where is she?" The young woman stared at him, terrified of the man in front of her._

"_Jethro, calm down." Ducky placed his hand on his friend's shoulder pushing him aside slightly. "I do apologise my dear, do you think you can point us towards the maternity ward?" _

The young woman pointed down the hall, "Just down the hall, last door on your left."

Jethro was already heading down the hall, looking for directions. He burst through a second set of doors, the woman at reception stood as he stormed towards her.

"_Jethro Gibbs?" She asked, already expecting him. He nodded and followed her as she hurried down the small corridor. "She's been asking for you ever since she arrived." Jethro nodded once again and softly thanked the nurse. _

He opened the door softly.

Jenny looked at him, she smiled the moment his silver head appeared. She was relieved he had made it in time. She motioned for him to come closer, and he obliged willingly.

The moment he stood next to her she grabbed his hand. He pressed a gentle kiss to her temple and helped her breath through the pain. She collapsed against the pillows and stared up at him. He smiled at her still holding her hand. He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and kissed her softly.

"_You have no idea how happy I am to see you." Jethro smiled softly at her, relieved he had made it._

"_You'll have to thank Ziva for that." Jenny nodded before another contraction hit. _

Her eyes grew larger as she held onto his hand once again. Jethro clenched his jaw breathing with her, not so much for her, but to relieve the pain her nails were causing as they dug into his hand. Jenny relaxed again and let go of Jethro's hand. She could see him trying to hide the fact that he had experienced some form of pain.

"_I'll make up for it later." She was still trying to catch her breath._

"_I'll hold you to it."_

_Jethro held his breath as his wife's nails dug into his hand. He watched her fight the urge to scream, her usual pale skin flushed from all her effort. He smiled at her reassuringly, trying to encourage her to go on. _

"_You're doin' great Jen." She only nodded._

"_Okay Jenny. Give me one big push and we'll welcome this stubborn baby into the world." The doctor spoke encouragingly. _

Jethro readied himself. There was a determined look in Jenny's eyes and he couldn't help the excitement that over came him. He breathed deeply and looked at her, smiling, "You can do this Jenny."

There was a loud groan.

A sharp cry echoed around the room.

_Jenny fell back, tears staining her cheeks. Jethro kissed her hard before moving away to do his part in the delivery. She smiled softly at Jethro, she wiped the tear of his cheek before anyone else could see it. He kissed the inside of her wrist softly and leaned into her touch. _

The baby was placed in the waiting mother's arms. Jethro rested his large hand on the baby's head softly, he met Jenny's eyes.

"_He's perfect Jen."_

A few hours after they were moved to a private room. The small baby boy was back with his parents, content to be held while he slept soundly. Jenny glanced at Jethro as he stared at their son. She squeezed his arm, catching his attention.

"_You okay?" He met her eyes briefly, he nodded and turned back to watching his son._

"_I was deployed when Kelly was born." His voice was low, the emotion evident to those who knew him well. _

Jenny kissed his cheek softly, it was a second chance, for the both of them.

The thin white lines were his favourite reminder. It signified nine months of mood swings, obscure cravings and several incidents of hormonal hysteria. It was all worth it in the end.

Jenny finally opened her eyes. Jethro smiled at her sheepishly as she turned around to face him. Leaning in he kissed her good morning. She softly pushed his hand away from her stomach and pulled the tank top down covering her exposed skin. She appeared to be uncomfortable with him touching the light stretch marks. He looked at her puzzled for a moment before sneaking his hand underneath her top again.

"Jethro..." He looked at her as she spoke his name quietly. "Please don't?"

"Why not?" She rolled her eyes at him and pushed his hand away more violently.

"I don't want you to see them." He stared at her. He'd seen them before and it never bothered her.

He crawled on top of her, pinning her hands above her head. She looked at him, her green eyes asking several questions. She'd felt him touch her since the moment he woke up, although she wasn't complaining she knew there was something he was trying to figure out or process.

He pressed his lips to hers, softly at first, drawing out their kiss. He ran his tongue across her bottom lip, coaxing her to open her mouth. She did so willingly, tasting him as he deepened their kiss. He moved down the column of her throat, tasting her porcelain skin.

He bit her softly before reaching for her tank top. Pulling it over

her head he stared at her, mesmerized. He leaned down and kisses one breast then the other. Moving down her body, he kissed her stomach softly before resting his head there. She ran her fingers through his silver hair, she tugged softly to make him look at her.

"Jethro?" His eyes were clouded with memories, of when and where she didn't know. He shook his head slightly and kissed her stomach again. He moved upwards again, positioning himself between her thighs.

"You're my beautiful reminder Jenny."

* * *

><p>AN: **This story seems to have turned out differently from what I originally intended, hope you enjoyed it._

Please Review

End
file.